

FRANK FRAZETTA'S

DEATH DEALER



McCANN • MEDELLIN • DELGADO • BASCLE

Greg Staples 2006

DEATH DEALER

PLOT

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MITCH IVERSON

THE STORY SO FAR

The curse of Death Dealer sent Kur into the bowels of the Frozen Hell, from which he has returned with the innocent child that Kur sent there with his own hands. The Sorceress has rallied allies to save humanity. Let the War of the Horsemen commence!

COVER ARTISTS

COVER A GREG STAPLES **COVER B FRANK FRAZETTA** **COVERS D&E COLIN LORIMER**

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Quietly.
They sleep. In their
dreams we shall take
them. Into nightmares
shall they awake.



Hold. Do not
strike until you
see the whites
of their eyes.



≡LGHKK≡
WHAT MANNER
OF FOULNESS
IS THIS?

Silence, fool!
Your jabbering will
betray us.

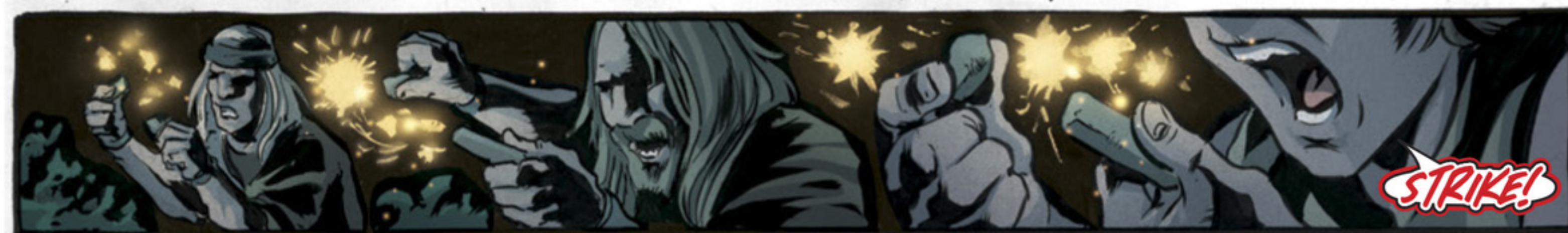


Hold.
Hooooold.



It clings?
I have never
encountered--

Wait! I see
something.



STRIKE!

NIGHT TERRORS



THE NEXT MORNING



MY CHIEFTAIN, IT WAS OUR GOOD LUCK AND THE WORK OF OUR BROTHERS. I DON'T WANT TO TAKE CREDIT FOR--

NONSENSE. THE LAST TIME THESE BEASTS VISITED US, WE SUFFERED THE COST IN THE LIVES OF OUR MEN AND THE PURITY OF OUR WOMEN. THIS THING YOU HAVE DONE IS A REMEDY AND A HEALING.



WHY, BROTHER, WITH SUCH GREATNESS, YOU MUST FEEL LIKE PART OF THE TRIBE. AN OUTSIDER NO MORE? WELL, ALMOST.



DO NOT LET JEALOUSY FILL YOUR HEART, ENKI. TAKE PRIDE INSTEAD IN THE SUCCESS OF YOUR BROTHER. HE IS ONE OF OUR TRIBE, AS MUCH AS ANY BORN INTO IT. DON'T FORGET THIS!

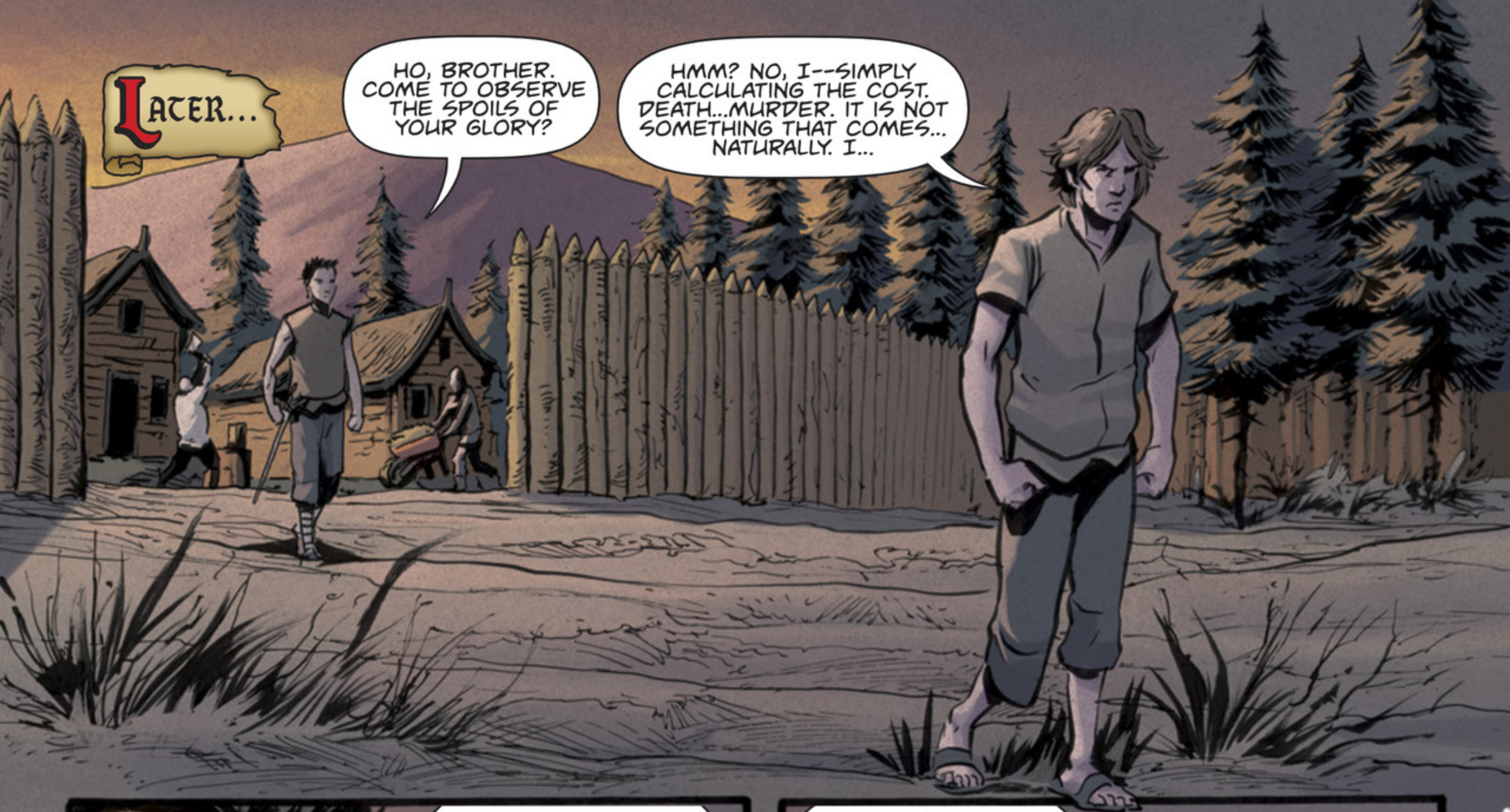


With such a tribute, how could I?

LATER...

HO, BROTHER.
COME TO OBSERVE
THE SPOILS OF
YOUR GLORY?

HMM? NO, I--SIMPLY
CALCULATING THE COST.
DEATH...MURDER. IT IS NOT
SOMETHING THAT COMES...
NATURALLY. I...



WHAT? YOU
SAT ATOP YOUR
THRONE BACK THERE
AND ALLOWED YOURSELF
TO BE PRAISED TO THE
SKIES, WHILE YOUR
BROTHERS--THE TRUE
MEN--WERE LEFT IN
THE SHADE.

ENKI. BROTHER.
YOU KNOW I HAVE
NO INTEREST IN GLORY.
MY ACTIONS IN SETTING
THE TRAP WERE FOR
THE GOOD AND
TO PRESERVE
THE TRIBE.

YES, A TRIBE
NOT YOUR OWN,
BASTARD. YOU MAY
HAVE LAID THE TRAP
WITH THAT HUMBLE MIND
OF YOURS, BUT IT WAS
MY TRUE BROTHERS
THAT FOUGHT AND
DIED LAST NIGHT
TO PROTECT US.

BROTHER,
I--

NO. NO. YOU
DISGUST ME. DID
YOU FEED THE GOD OF
GROWTH LAST NIGHT? YOU
WATCHED. TOOK FALSE
CLAIM FOR OUR KILLS.

THAT IS
UNFAIR. ENKI. MY
BROTHER--

SPARE ME,
KUR. YOU ARE
NOT A TRUE MAN.
YOU ARE WEAK. IF THE
ELDERS KNEW YOU AS
I DO, THEY WOULD
SCOFF AT YOUR
ACTIONS.





THE QUEEN
MUST BE INCLUDED
IN ANY DECISION
TO--

LEAVE HER FOR
NOW. SHE IS BESET BY
DOUBTS, THE GRAVITY OF
HER DECISIONS WEIGH
HEAVY ON HER.

BACK TO
BUSINESS, MY GUYS.
NOT TO BREAK UP THE
PRATTLE, BUT WE GOT
BIGGER FISH TO
FRY HERE.

THE UNDEAD
APPROACH. WE
SHOULD ALLOW
THEM TO FALL PREY
TO THEIR OVER-
CONFIDENCE,
THEN ENTRAP
THEM.

WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
ABOUT IT?

MY
BROTHER AND
I FOUGHT OFF
NIGHT ATTACKS
ON OUR TRIBE
EVERY NEW
MOON.

I HATE TO SHIT ON YOUR TACTICAL
GENIUS, BUT THAT IS YOUR
BROTHER OUT THERE, AND THIS IS
A WALLED FORTRESS, NOT A
VILLAGE FILLED WITH MUD HUTS.

HE'S RIGHT,
YOU KNOW. YOUR
BROTHER WILL
RECOGNIZE YOUR
TACTICS, AND WITH
AN ARMY THAT SIZE
WE BLOW ANY
ADVANTAGE.

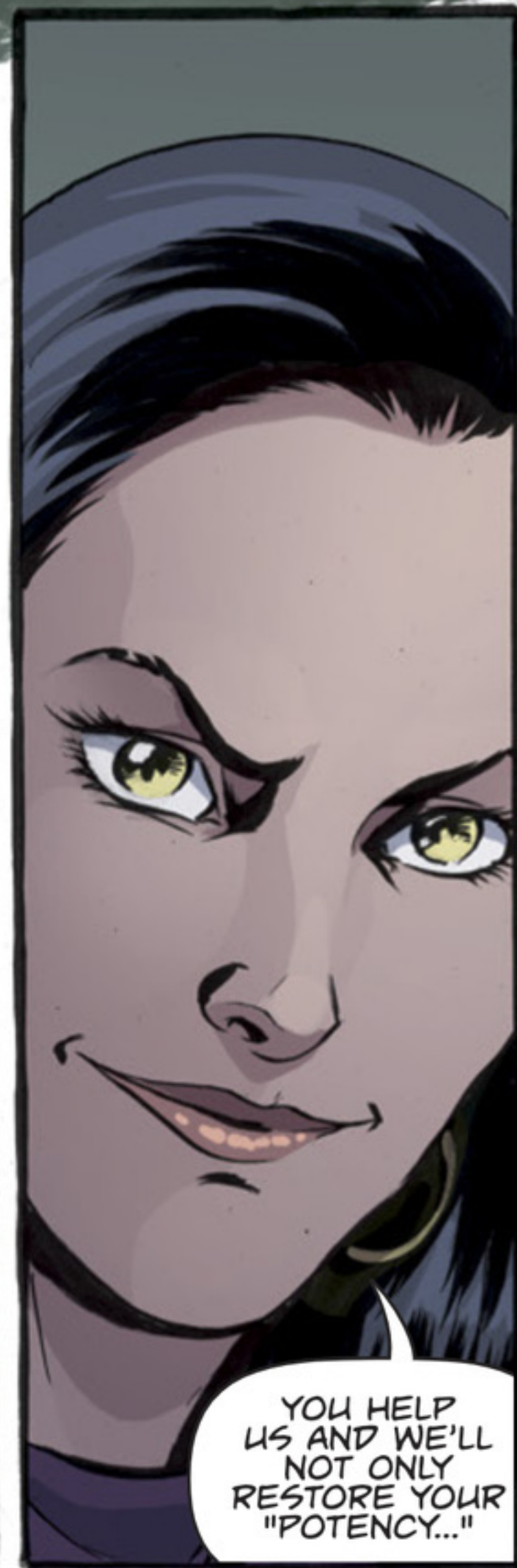
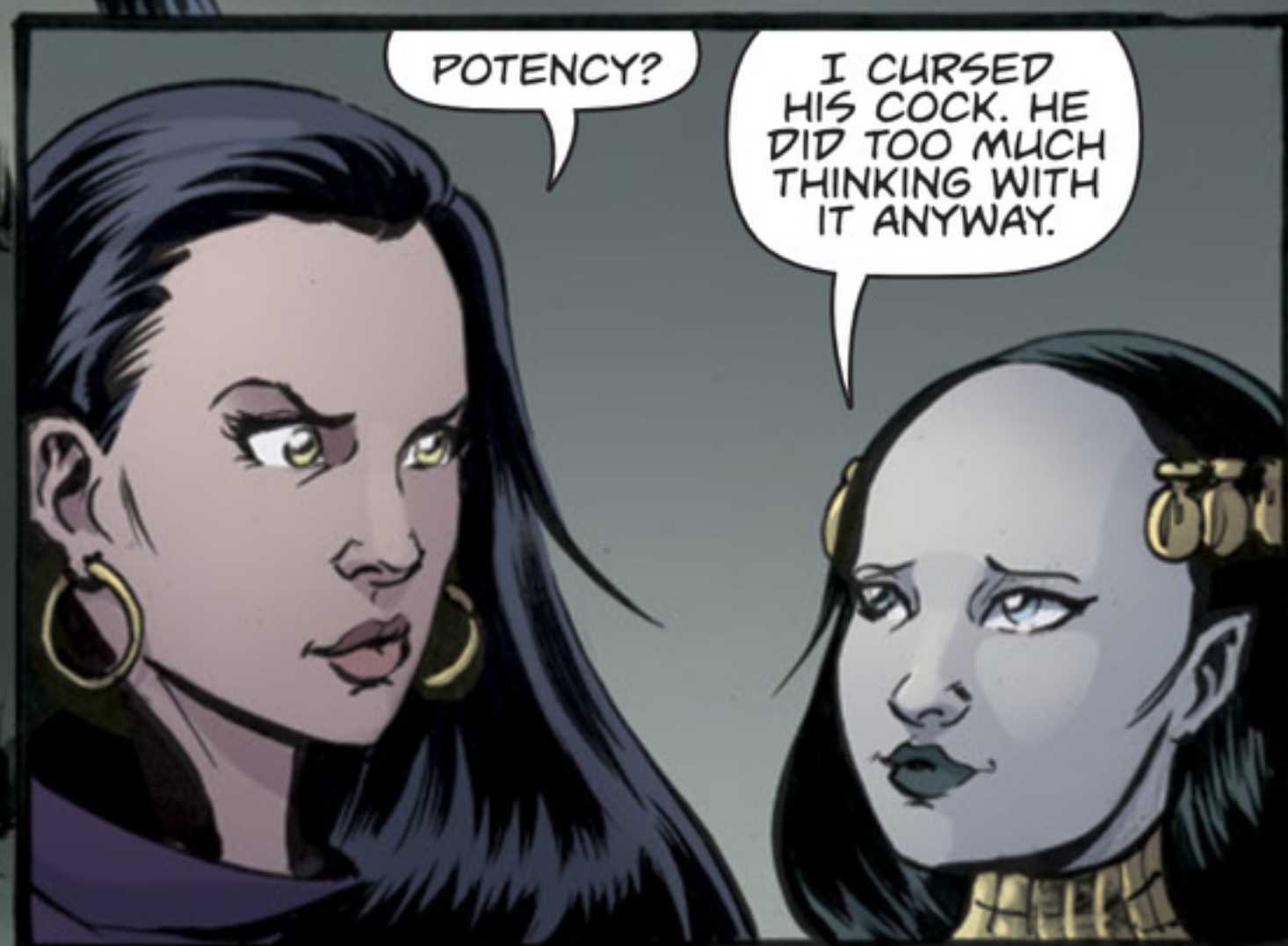
>HMM.< I
TAKE YOUR
POINT.

FACE IT. YOU HAVE AN
ENORMOUS UNDEAD ARMY
CLOSING BY THE MINUTE, AND
NONE OF YOU SHIT-TONGUED
PLEBEIANS HAVE AN
ALTERNATIVE PLAN.

YEAH.
BETTER
POINT.

ELSEWHERE...

FINALLY, HAG,
OUR PATHS CROSS
AGAIN. I'M GOING TO
SPLIT YOU LIKE A
DRY LOG.





I MIGHT
EVEN BE
ABLE TO...



...IMPROVE
IT.

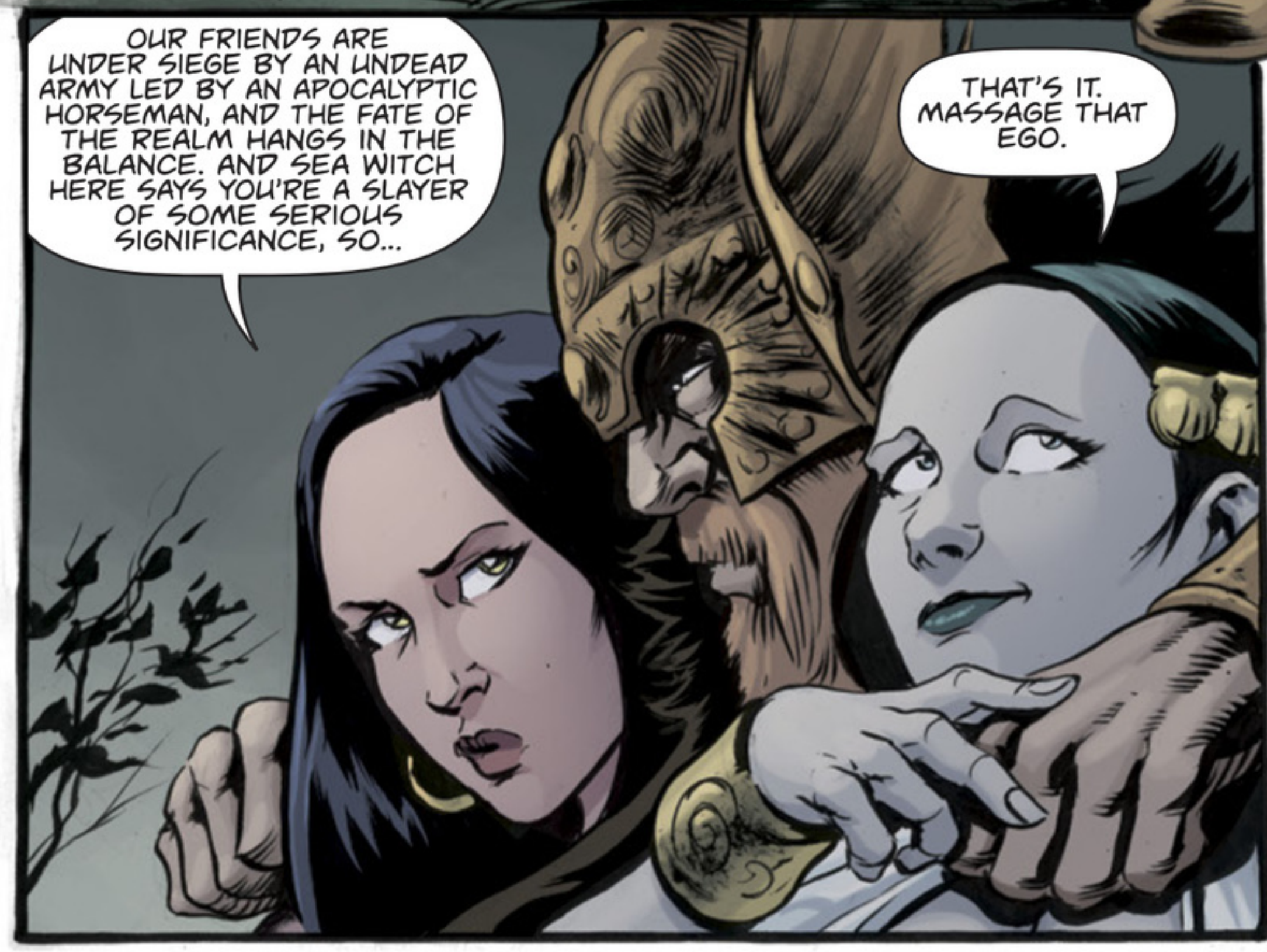
IF THIS CAN
BE DONE, THEN I
AM OPEN TO ASSIST.
TELL ME, WHAT FEAT
DO YOU REQUIRE
ME FOR?



OUR FRIENDS ARE
UNDER SIEGE BY AN UNDEAD
ARMY LED BY AN APOCALYPTIC
HORSEMAN, AND THE FATE OF
THE REALM HANGS IN THE
BALANCE. AND SEA WITCH
HERE SAYS YOU'RE A SLAYER
OF SOME SERIOUS
SIGNIFICANCE, SO...

THAT'S IT.
MESSAGE THAT
EGO.

WELL, I
DON'T LIKE TO
BOAST. AND AN
UNDEAD ARMY.
WELL...



"...IT WOULDN'T
BE MY FIRST."

MY BROTHER'S IN
THERE. HE'S EXPECTING A
SIEGE. I HAVE NO PATIENCE
FOR WAITING, WHEN I CAN
SIMPLY TAKE IT. WHAT SAY
YOU, COMMANDERS?

THE
EMERALD CASTLE
IS KNOWN FOR
ITS UNBREACHABLE
WALLS, LORD. IT'S
A PERFECT SIEGE
LOCATION.

THAT
CONSIDERED, THEY
CAN'T HOLD OUT
FOREVER. OUR ARMY
WON'T BE DYING
OF DISEASE OR
STARVATION.





INDEED. I SAY
WE WALK RIGHT UP
THERE AND SMASH OUR
DEAD AGAINST THOSE
WALLS UNTIL SOME-
THING GIVES. WHAT
SAY YOU, MEN?



AAAAYYYYYEEEEE!



I'M NOT GIVEN
TO HYPERBOLE,
BUT THAT'S QUITE
THE MUSTER.

WHAT?

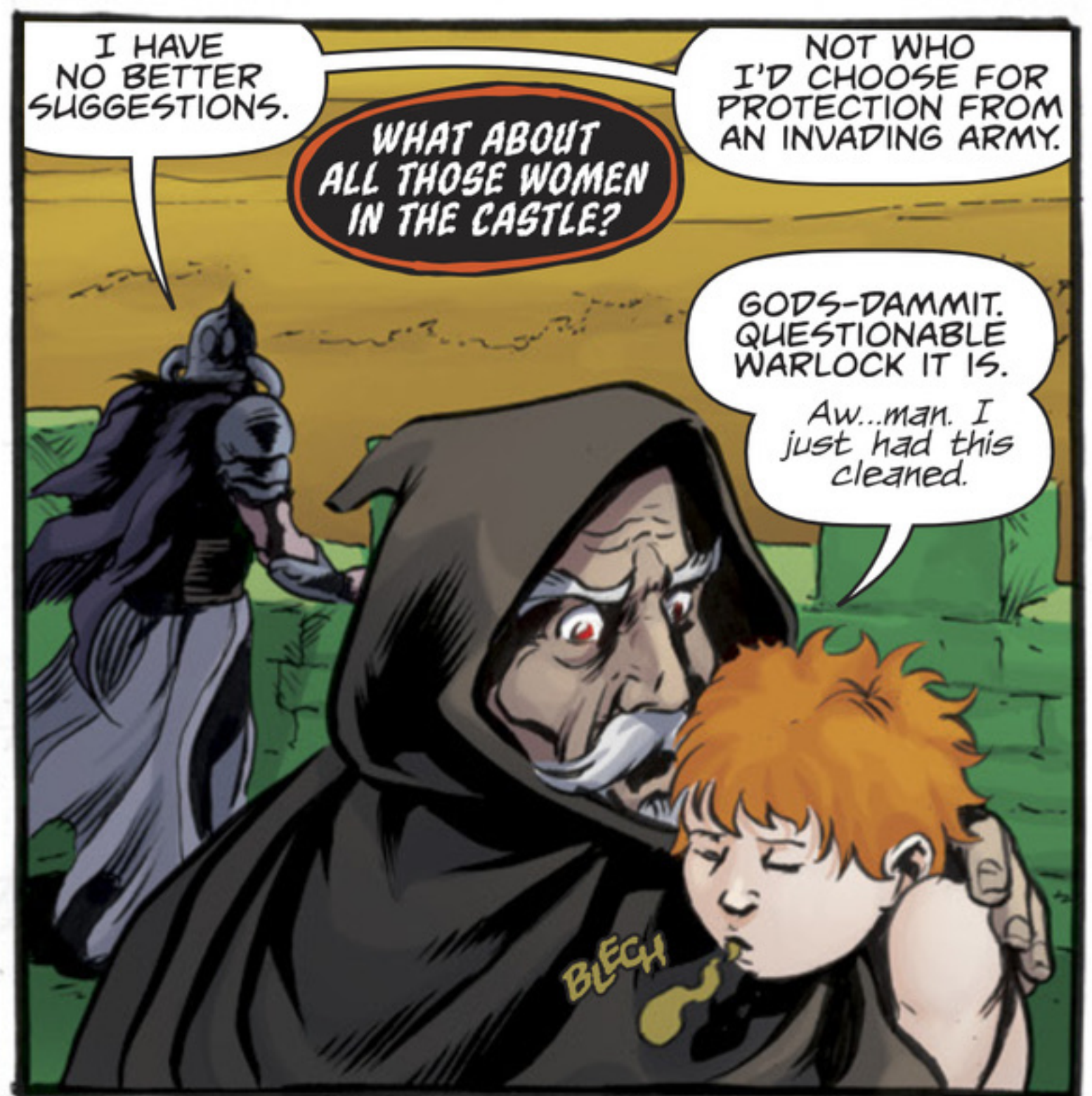
IT'S A LOT OF
FUCKING SOLDIERS,
IDIOT.



GETTING PRETTY HAIRY OUT THERE. YOU SURE ABOUT LEAVING THIS KID WITH A GUY LIKE ME?

WHY?

I'M A MORALLY AMBIGUOUS SORCERER, MAN. NOT A FREAKIN' NANNY.



I HAVE NO BETTER SUGGESTIONS.

WHAT ABOUT ALL THOSE WOMEN IN THE CASTLE?

NOT WHO I'D CHOOSE FOR PROTECTION FROM AN INVADING ARMY.

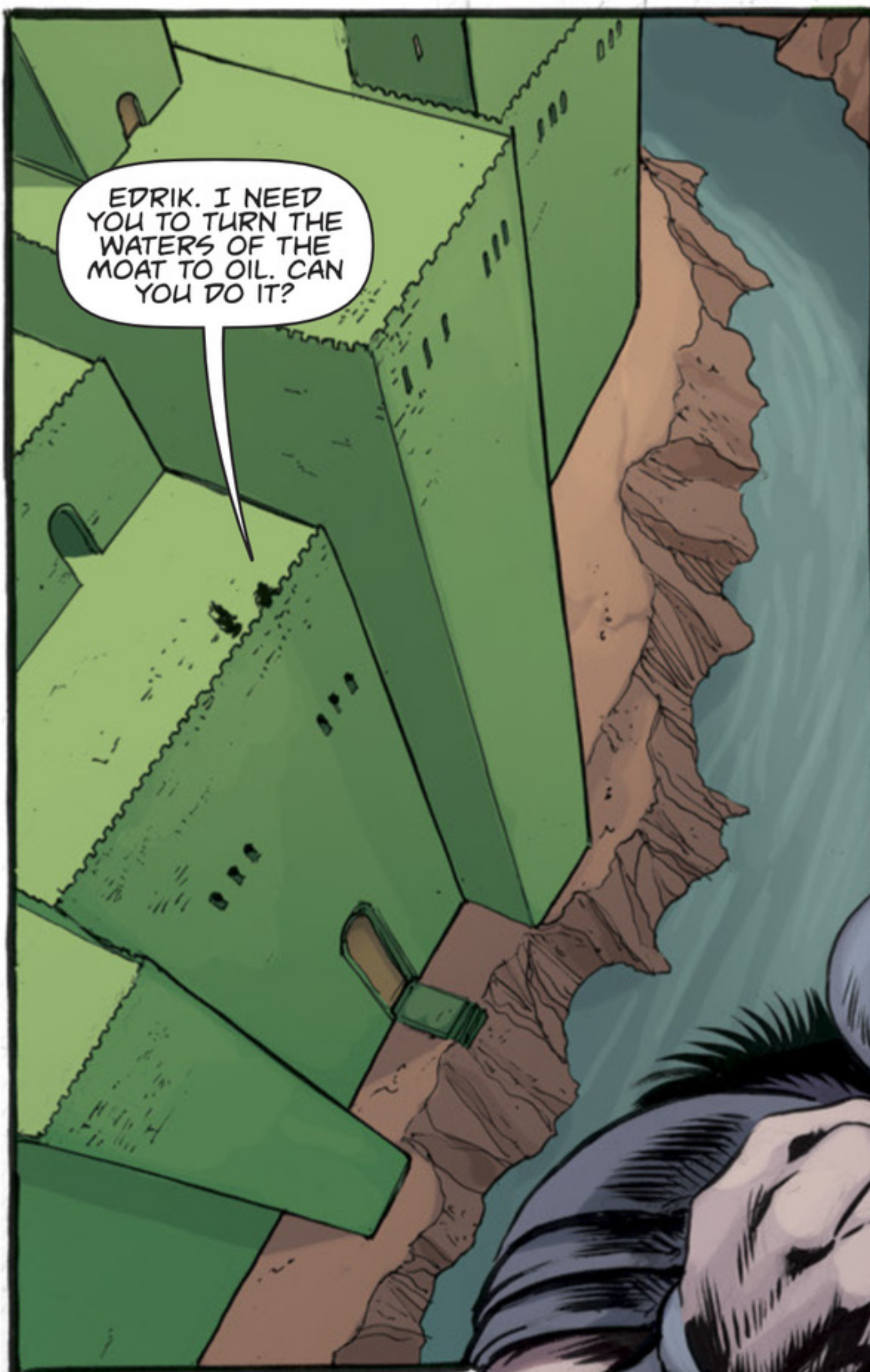
GODS-DAMMIT. QUESTIONABLE WARLOCK IT IS.

Aw...man. I just had this cleaned.

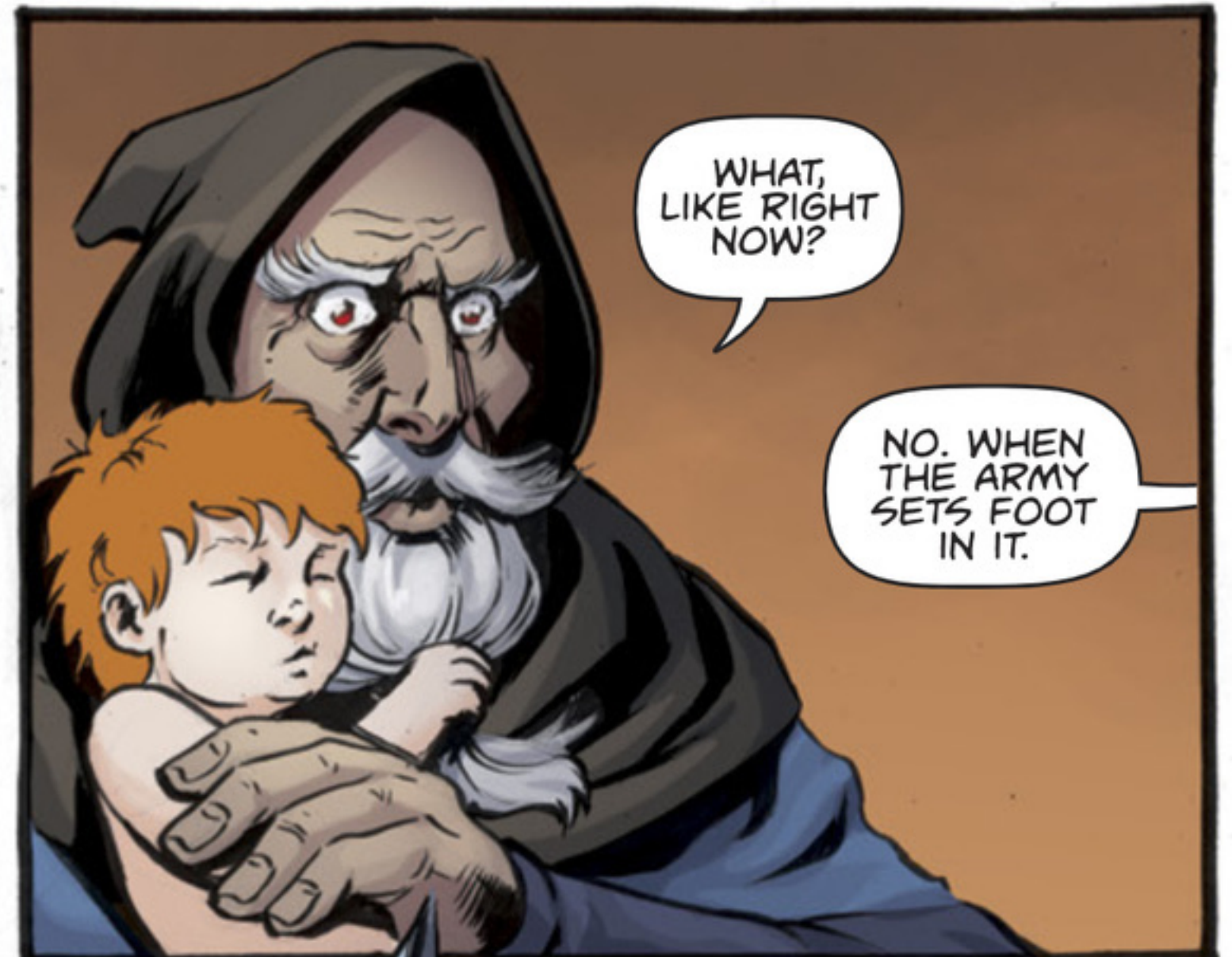


MY BROTHER'S ARMY HAS OVERWHELMING NUMBERS. EVEN THESE WALLS WILL NOT HOLD AGAINST HIM.

NO SHIT.



EDRIK. I NEED YOU TO TURN THE WATERS OF THE MOAT TO OIL. CAN YOU DO IT?



WHAT, LIKE RIGHT NOW?

NO. WHEN THE ARMY SETS FOOT IN IT.



THEN WE HAVE THE ARCHERS IGNITE IT.

YOU SNEAKY BASTARD. YOU DO KNOW YOUR BROTHER'S GOING TO SEE THAT COMING, RIGHT?

ELSEWHERE...

I HOPE
YOUR LAST
MEAL WAS
TASTY. PERHAPS
I'LL HAVE A
LOOK.

HE REALLY IS VERY
EFFECTIVE, ISN'T HE? NOW I
SEE WHY YOU SUGGESTED
WE ENLIST HIM.

YES,
EFFECTIVE IN
MORE WAYS
THAN ONE.

BLURKCH

IS THAT WHY
YOU CURSED
HIS PRICK? TO
KEEP HIM FROM
WANDERING?

IT WAS
PRONE TO
WANDERING,
ANYWAY. AND
I'LL NEVER
TELL.

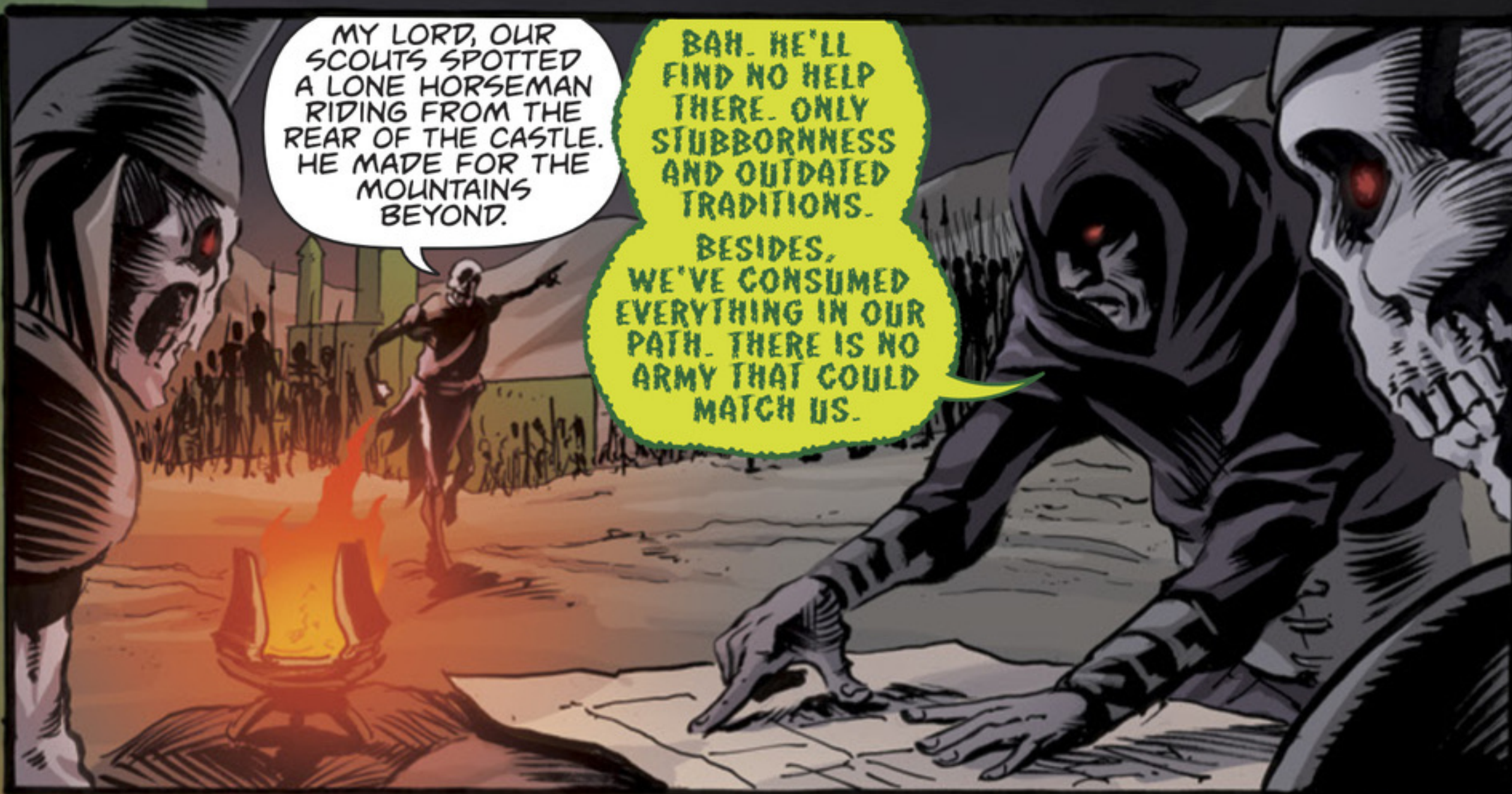
WHAT SAY YOU,
SEER? DO I TRUST
THESE WITCHES WITH
THEIR MISBEGOTTEN
QUEST?

*The realm
falls if you
refuse aid.*

YES, BUT
WHAT ABOUT MY
PROBLEM?

ON TO THE
EMERALD CASTLE
AND ALMOST
CERTAIN DOOM
IT IS, THEN.

Now
you're
silent.



MY LORD, OUR SCOUTS SPOTTED A LONE HORSEMAN RIDING FROM THE REAR OF THE CASTLE. HE MADE FOR THE MOUNTAINS BEYOND.

BAH. HE'LL FIND NO HELP THERE. ONLY STUBBORNNESS AND OUTDATED TRADITIONS. BESIDES, WE'VE CONSUMED EVERYTHING IN OUR PATH. THERE IS NO ARMY THAT COULD MATCH US.

I DISPATCHED A MESSENGER TO THE HILL TRIBES AS YOU COMMANDED.

GOOD. IT'S A LONG SHOT, BUT WE MUST TAKE IT.

GENERALS, HAVE YOU INSTRUCTED YOUR MEN?

THE CASTLE WALLS ARE FULLY MANNED WITH ARCHERS AND LIGHT INFANTRY.

HEAVY INFANTRY GUARDS EVERY ENTRY AND POTENTIAL BREACH.

THE CASTLE'S OTHER INHABITANTS AND THEIR FAMILIES HAVE BEEN RELOCATED TO THE INNER VAULTS.



GOOD. THEY'LL BE COMING SOON.

HOW CAN YOU KNOW?

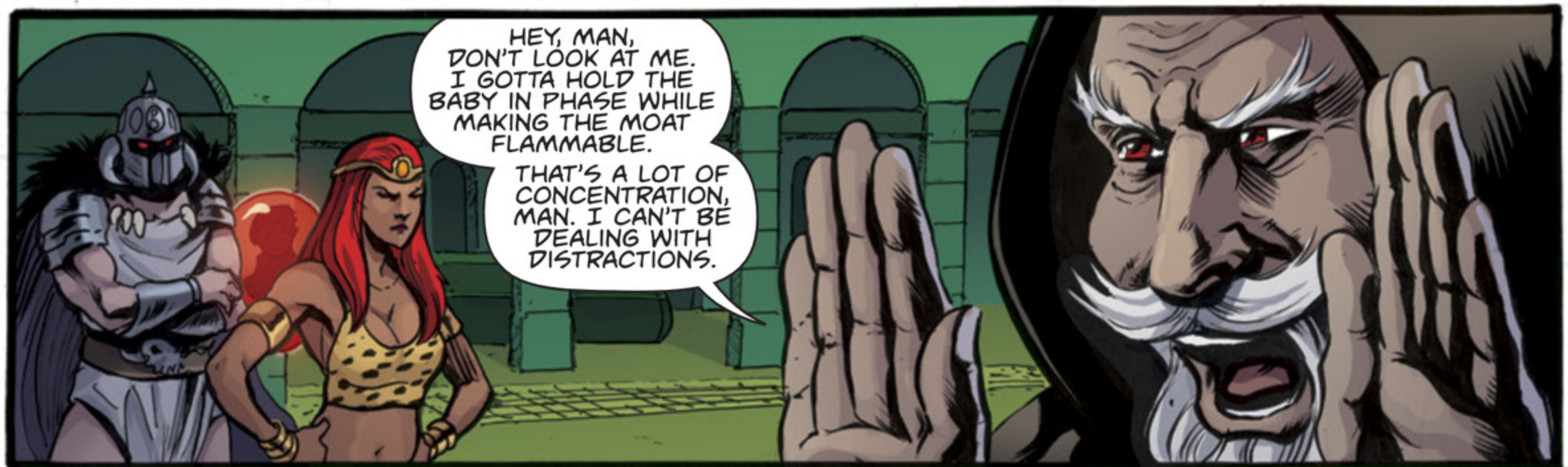
I KNOW MY BROTHER.

AND HE KNOWS YOU, DOLT. HE'LL NEVER FALL FOR THIS.



LET THEM FILL THE MOAT BEFORE YOU LIGHT A SINGLE ARROW.

DO NOT GIVE THEM REASON TO HESITATE.





I DON'T LIKE THIS. DEAD SILENCE. FOR A FORCE THAT BIG, THEY MAKE NO FUCKING NOISE.



THEY ARE ALL DEAD.

YES, BUT EVEN AT THAT, WE'D HEAR SOMETHING. AND THE DARK IS IMPENETRABLE IN SPITE OF THE SLIVER OF MOON.



WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING.

QUICKLY, GET SOME LIGHT ON IT.





"AND GIVE NO QUARTER."

DARK SORCERY! THEY OBSCURED THEIR MOVEMENTS. EDRIK! TRANSFORM THE MOAT!

IT WON'T MATTER A GODS DAMN IF YOU DON'T KILL THAT GIANT.



I SMELL... OIL... THE MOAT!



AH, BROTHER. SUCH AN OLD TRICK.

CROSSBOWS! FIRE!



"DON'T LET HIM IGNITE THE MOAT. NOT YET!"

NEED TO STOP THE GIANT!

EDRIK! DEFEND OUR SHOOTERS. WE NEED TO IGNITE THE MOAT.

NOW!

PROTECT THE BABY, EDRIK. TRANSFORM THE MOAT, EDRIK.

MAN, THIS ALL TAKES CONCENTRATION, YA KNOW? FREAKING HARSH VIBES OR WHAT?

AARRGGHH!

QUICKLY. OR ALL YOUR PEA-BRAIN PLANNING IS FOR NOTHING!

WORKING ON IT!

>GHUUH!<



IT'S GOING FOR THE CHILD WHILE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING BARBARIAN KILLER. YOU REALLY ARE SCREWING THIS ONE.









I DON'T WANT TO STEAL YOUR THUNDER OR ANYTHING, BUT YOU MIGHT WANT TO LOOK OVER THERE.

WHAT? WHERE?



HEY, HELMET HEAD, I THINK WE DROVE BACK ONE ATTACK FORCE JUST IN TIME TO WELCOME ANOTHER.

I DON'T MEAN TO COMPLAIN, BUT I'M TAPPED OUT, SO YOU BETTER HAVE A PLAN THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE MORE MAGIC.

FUCK.

...FUCK.



HEY, AIN'T THAT YOUR BABY-MOMMA?

MESH ISN'T MY CHILD.



YOU GOTTA BE KIDDING ME, MAN. YOU LITERALLY WENT THROUGH HELL FOR THAT KID.

ANYWAY, I TELL YOU THIS MUCH. WE AIN'T HOLDING AGAINST A SECOND ASSAULT.

MIGHT WANT TO TELL EVERYONE IN THERE THAT.



EVACUATE THE CASTLE.

WHAT?!

YOU HEARD ME. GET EVERYONE OUT OR YOU'RE ALL DEAD.



MY LORD, A
THIRD OF OUR
FORCE WAS IN
THAT MOAT.

PAH. HE
HAD A FUCKING
SORCERER. AN
ELEMENT I HADN'T
CONSIDERED.

REGROUP.
I'LL ROT THE SOIL OUT
FROM BENEATH THEM AND
COME UP THROUGH THE
BOWELS OF THE---

AND
ANOTHER ARMY
IS INCOMING.



WHAT! WHO
WOULD...?



ADMIRA?
REGROUP WHAT'S
LEFT OF OUR
ARMY.



AS YOU SAY,
LORD.



THEY ARE LEAVING. GOOD.

WE HAVE SECRET TUNNELS THAT LEAD UNDER THE MOAT. BUT ONLY HALF MY PEOPLE WILL LEAVE. THE REST REFUSE. THEY WILL FIGHT FOR WHAT IS THEIRS.



COME WITH US.

I CANNOT ABANDON THESE PEOPLE. MY FATHER WAS A BASTARD, BUT HE WAS A LEADER. NO, I WILL REMAIN WITH THEM TIL THE LAST.

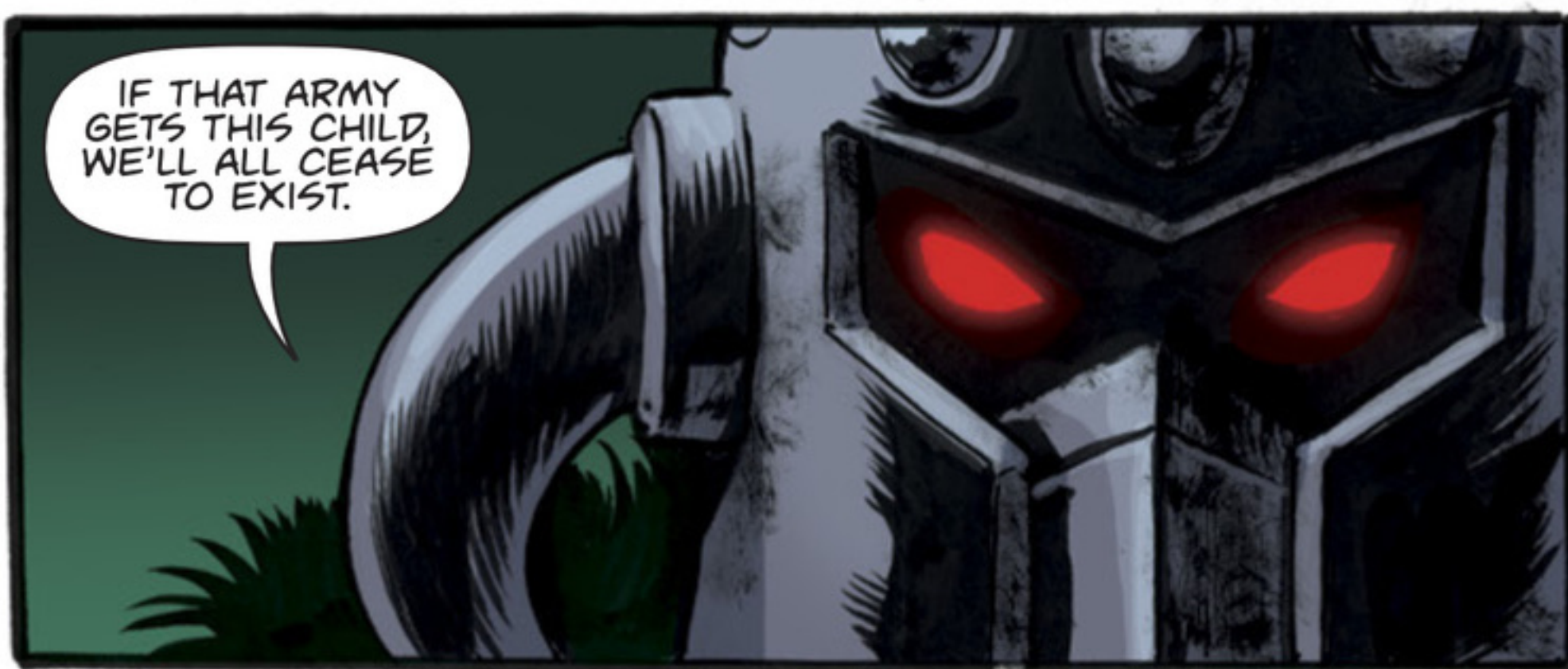


HARSH.

THESE FOLKS ARE CONDEMNED, MAN.

THEY ALWAYS WERE, WHETHER WE WERE HERE OR NOT.

YEESH. TALK ABOUT WASHING YOUR HANDS OF YOUR RESPONSIBILITIES. WHATEVER HELPS YOU SLEEP AT NIGHT.



IF THAT ARMY GETS THIS CHILD, WE'LL ALL CEASE TO EXIST.



≥HMPH.≤
PESTILENCE'S
ASSAULT FAILED.
LOOKS LIKE MOMMA
HAS TO SHOW YOU
BOYS HOW IT'S
DONE.

THE MOAT
BURNS WITH
MYSTIC FIRE,
MISTRESS.

NOT REALLY A
PROBLEM FOR
MY ASSOCIATES
HERE, IS IT?

NOW. STORM
WHAT'S LEFT OF
THAT SMOLDERING
WRECK AND BRING
ME MY SON.

OBLIVION
AWAITS.

TO BE
CONTINUED...

NEXT ISSUE



COVER GALLERY



COVER A

GREG STAPLES

COVER B

FRANK FRAZETTA

COVERS D & E

COLIN LORIMER







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BEYOND THE STARS!**



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ATTACK**

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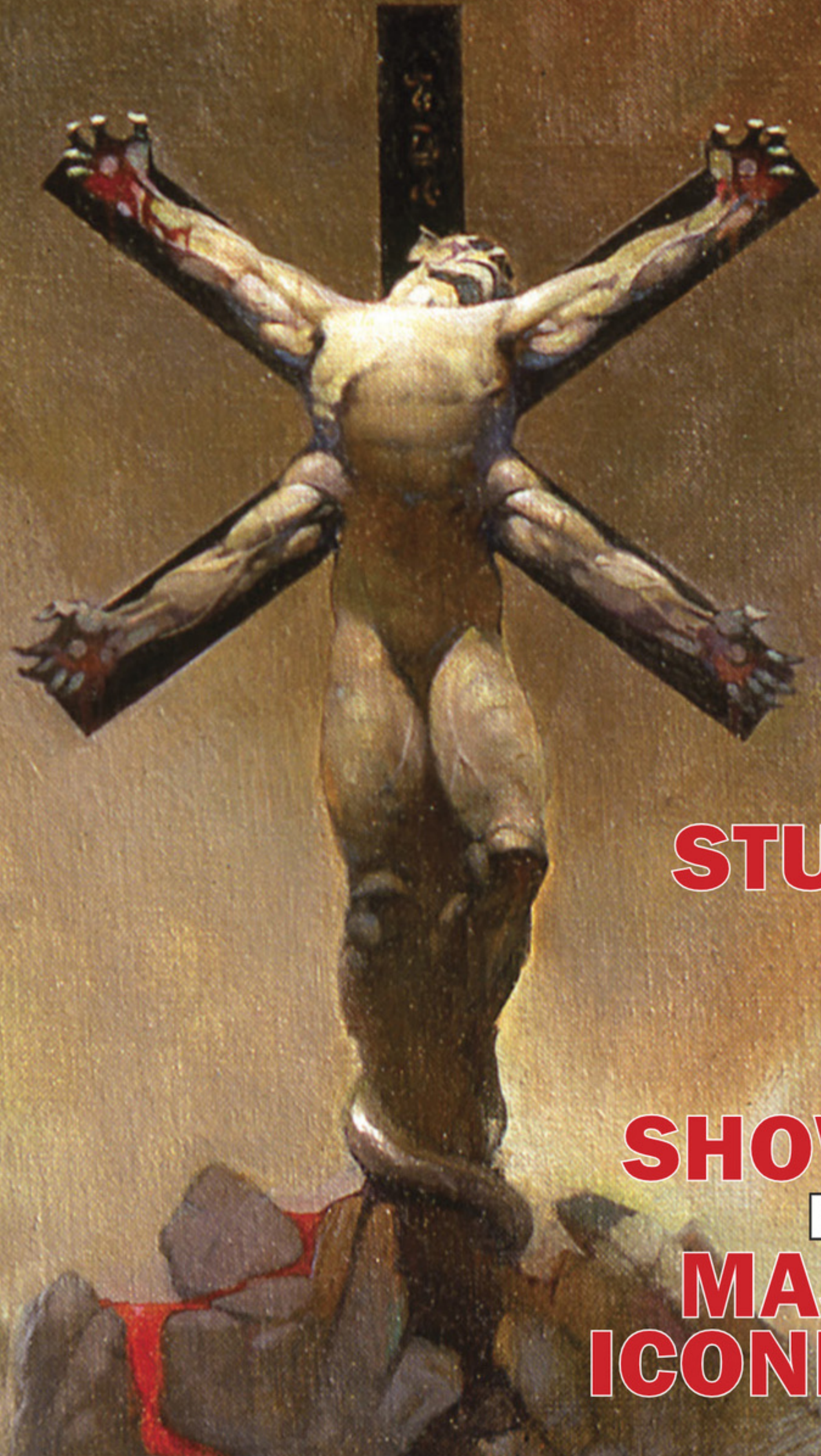
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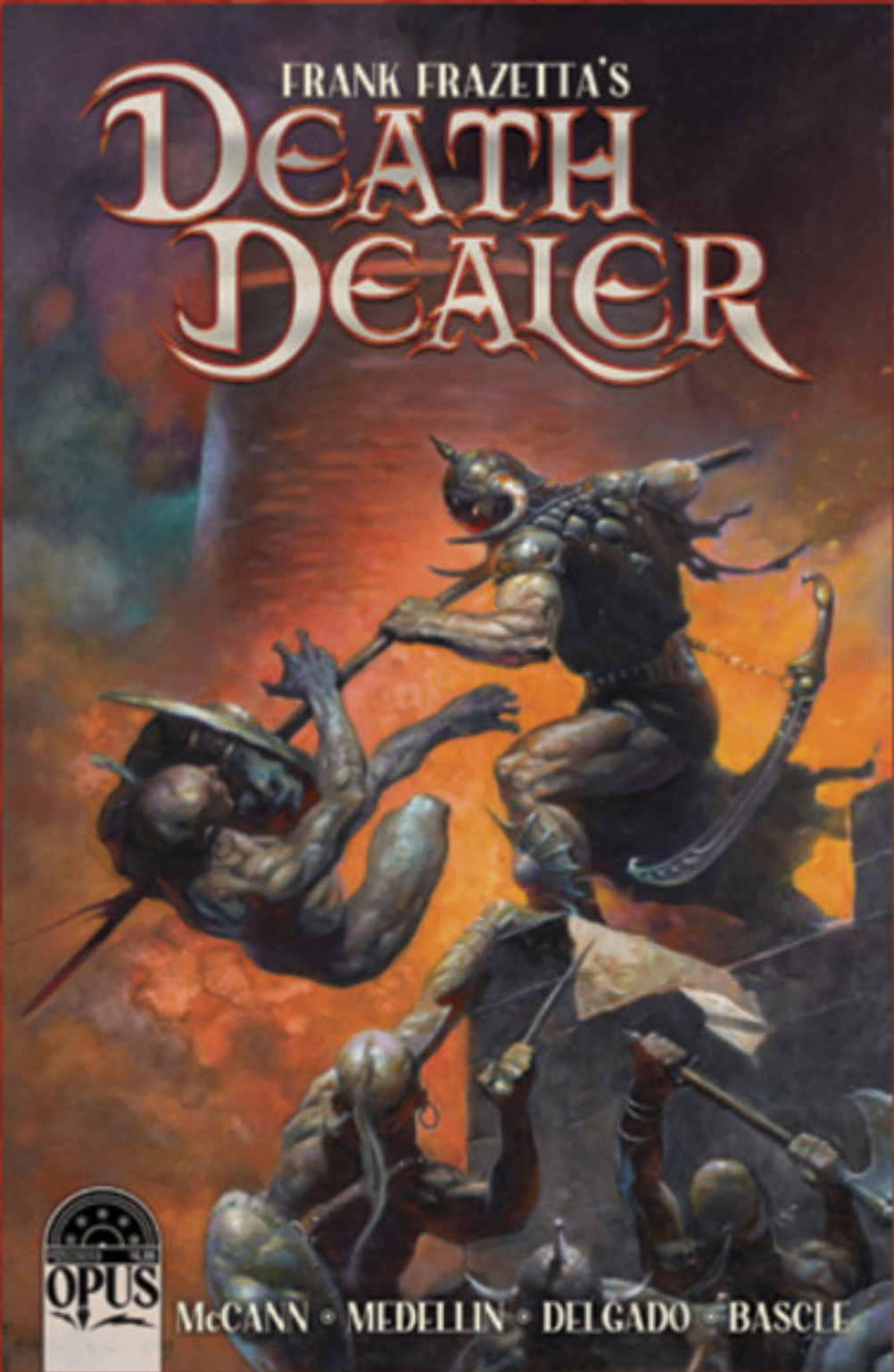
Andrea Mutti cover also available!

COVER CHECKLIST

■ B

■ A

■ C



■ D



■ E



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